

# THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. I.

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NO. 9.

## THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD

Published every Friday by  
**EDWARD SACHSE.**  
TERMS, \$2 a year in advance.

### Rates of Advertising.

One square, 5 lines or less one insertion.	\$1 50
Each additional insertion.	75
Administrators' Notices.	5 00
Final Settlement Notices.	5 00
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Advertisements not marked or numbered will be inserted till otherwise ordered and charged for at the above rates.

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Marriage, Death, Funeral and Church notices will be published free.

All communications of a personal nature must be published over the writers name.

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The postage on Weekly Newspapers to subscribers, when prepaid quarterly or yearly in advance, either at the mailing office or office of delivery, per quarter, (3 months) five cents.

Weekly newspapers, (one copy only) sent by the publishers, to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free. There are instances in which subscribers who reside within the county receive their mail matter at post offices beyond the county limits. Such persons are entitled to receive the paper free of postage. But subscribers who live out of the county, and receive their mail matter at a post office within it, must pay postage.

### Regular Terms of the Courts of Lincoln County.

COUNTY COURT—Second Monday in February, May and August.

CIRCUIT COURT—Third Monday in March and September.

### OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Member of Congress—G. W. Anderson.

State Senator—E. B. Carol.

Representative—J. Winston Sitten.

Judge Circuit Court—T. J. C. Fagg.

Circuit Attorney—E. P. Johnson.

Clerk Circuit Court & Recorder—A. H. Martin.

Justices of County Court—M. L. Lovel.

Presiding Justice, Sam T. Ingram.

and James Wilson.

Clerk County Court and School Commissioner—F. C. Calk.

Sheriff and Collector of Revenues—John R. Knox.

County Treasurer—S. B. Woolfolk.

Public Administrator—R. H. Hudson.

County Assessor—D. B. Smiley.

Local Claim Agent—J. M. McEllan.

U. S. Collector 4th Dist.—A. H. Martin.

## JOB PRINTING.

### THE WAY TO MAKE

## TRADE BRISK

AND

## MONEY PLENTY

IS TO USE

## PRINTERS' INK

Applied in proper quantities with ingenuity.

### Taste and Skill.

The Herald Office is prepared to print

Bills, Cards, Circulars and

## BALL TICKETS

On the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

## EVERY BUSINESS MAN

Needs something in the way

## JOB PRINTING,

A Store Bill, a Card or Circular

Is almost indispensable.

## OUR FRIENDS

Who may feel disposed to favor us with

their patronage, may rest assured that no pains

will be spared on our part to serve their interests

thoroughly and promptly.

A share of Public patronage is most

desireably solicited.

## POETRY.

From the Enquirer.

### Oh Give One Thought To Me.

TO MISS ANNIE B. H.

When counting o'er thy many joys  
Recall'd by fond memory,  
If wilt not dim thy pleasure then,  
Oh give one thought to me.

At morn, when the lark shall plume his wing,  
And soar from bondage free,  
To warble forth his merry notes,  
Then give one thought to me.

And when the shades of evening are  
Fast fading into night—  
An hour that well seems made for thought,  
And quiet is delight;

At midnight's deep and solemn hour,  
When on thy bedded knee,  
Thy hands uprais'd to Heaven in prayer—  
Then, oh then, think of me.

If I could claim the richest gem,  
That now lies in the sea,  
I'd rather have than have that pearl,  
Have one kind thought from thee.

It all the joys of this gay world,  
Were now spread out to me,  
And I were told to make a choice,  
I'd ask one kind thought from thee.

Dec. 11, 1865.

From the Daily Press.

### Do I Remember You?

How can you ask me, dearest friend,  
"If I remember you?"  
Ah! treacherous would be memory  
If it could banish you.

Could I forget the loving deeds  
That linked your heart to mine,  
I'd be indeed a traitor false  
To kneel at Friendship's shrine.

Could I forget those happy days,  
Now buried with the Past,  
When you and I together bled  
The love that held us fast,  
Unfit to own an upright love  
My recent heart would be—  
Nay, ask me not my noble friend,  
If I remember thee?

There's many a golden hour gone by,  
That owed its joy to you;  
There's many a better act of mine  
That from your teachings grew;  
How bright was your example clear—  
How pure your faith divine—  
And though I have not prouder life,  
It is no fault of mine.

How beautiful were the tender dreams  
Our young hearts dwell upon—  
How fondly did our love resolve  
Paint triumphs proudly won—  
In those good days when I saw your eyes  
Sparkle with life's future bright,  
We could discern no shadows then,  
We only saw the light.

Perhaps with both these heyday dreams  
Have from our hearts been hurled;  
But none can well escape unscathed,  
And go out in the world;  
Life is too stern—no gentle face  
It wears to untaught eyes;  
It gives, at best, but little else  
Than aching hearts and sighs.

But faith like yours, my noble friend,  
Proves victor in the strife—  
The laurels its endurance earns  
Have everlasting life.  
And in the world, to you, my friend,  
There's one heart ever true;  
Then do not ask me o'er again  
"If I remember you?"

NASHVILLE, January 17, 1865.

### How the Devil Lost.

The following is too good to be lost.  
We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line.

A young man, who actually desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who tempted him to propose his soul for eternity if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded; the devil was to supply the money, and was at last to save the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away, the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his pile of gold. He became a filibuster and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow; but though the devil made faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed, the devil counted the time, only 2 years that he must wait for the soul; and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more effort was resolved upon; the man started a newspaper. The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, dead broke, at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

### Getting "Fits" in a Clothing Store.

Nehemiah speedily selected a nice blue coat, and vest of green, but he was more fastidious in the choice of pants, shod, crowning glories of his new suit. He seemed to indulge a weakness for long pantaloons, and complained that his last pair had troubled him exceedingly, or, as he expressed it, "blamedly," by hitching up over his boots, and wrinkling about the knees. Nehemiah delved away impetuously amidst the stacks of top or three hundred pairs, and finally his eyes rested upon a pair of lengthy ones, real blazers, and with wide yellow stripes running each way. Nehemiah snaked them out in a twinkling. He liked them—they were long and yellow—they were just the thing, and he proceeded at once to try them on. The new clothing store had a nook curtained off for this purpose, and our Nehemiah was speedily closeted therein.

The pants had straps, and the straps were buttoned; now Nehemiah had seen straps before, but the art of managing them was a mystery, and like St. Patrick's dilemma, "required a mighty dale of nice consideration." On deliberation he decided that the boots must go on first; he accordingly drew on his Bluchers, mounted a chair, elevated his pants at proper angle, and endeavored to coax the legs into them. He had a time of it. His boots were none of the smallest, and the pants, though long, were none of the widest, the chair, too, was rickety, and bothered him, but, bending his energies to the task, he succeeded in inducing the legs into the "pesky things." He was standing like the Colossus of Rhodes, and just in the act of raising the other foot, when a whispering and giggling, in his immediate vicinity, made him alive to the appalling fact that nothing but a thin chintz curtain separated him from twenty to thirty of the prettiest and wickedest girls that were ever in one shop. Nehemiah was a bashful youth and would have made a circumdubus of a mile, any day, rather than meet those girls, even had he been in full dress; as it was his mouth was ajar at the bare possibility of making his appearance amongst them in his present disheveled. What if there was a hole in the curtain! What if it should fall! It wouldn't bear thinking of, and plunging his foot in the vacant leg, with a sort of frantic looseness, he brought on the very catastrophe he was so anxious to avoid. The chair collapsed with a sudden "scrouch," pitching Nehemiah head over heels through the curtain, and he made his grand entrance among the stitching difficulties on all fours, like a fethered rhinoceros.

Perhaps Collier himself never exhibited a more striking group tableaux vivants than was now displayed. Nehemiah was a "model," every inch of him, and though not exactly "revolving on a pedestal," he was going through the moment quite as effectually on his back, kicking, plunging, in short, personifying in thirty seconds all the attitudes ever "chiselled." As for the girls, they screamed of course, jumped upon chairs, and the cutting board, threw their hands over their faces, peeped through their fingers, screamed again, "they should die, they knew they should."

"Oh, Lordy!" blubbered the distressed young 'un, "don't holler so, gals, don't! I didn't go ter, I saw to man I didn't, it's all owing to those cursed trousers, every mile on't. Ask yer boss, he'll tell yer how 'twas. Oh, Lordy, won't nobody kiver me with old clothes, or turn the wood-box over me? Oh, Moses in the bulrushes, what'll Nancy say?"

He managed to raise himself on his feet and make a spurge towards the door, but his "entangling alliances" tripped him up again, as he felt "kernalap" upon the hot goose of the pressman. This was the unkindest cut of all. The goose had been heated expressly for the thick cloth seams, and the way it sizzled into the seat of the new pants was afflicting to the wearer. Nehemiah rose up in an instant, and seizing the source of all his trouble by the slack, he tore himself free from all save the straps and some pantlet-like fragments that hung about his ankles, as he dashed through the door of the emporium, at a two forty pace. Nehemiah seemed to yearn with the poet, for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," and betrayed a settled purpose to "see from the busy haunts of men," for the last seen of him he was capering up the railroad, cutting like a scared rabbit, the rays of the declining sun flickering and dancing upon a broad expanse of shirt tail that fluttered gaily in the breeze, as he headed for the next wood.—[Yankee Blade.]

Jollybone says that a "three days rain" plays the very dance with his better half. The first day rain gives his wife the blues, the second ending in a mad fit, and the third invariably brings on hysterics that will require a dozen "horrible murders," and a three column account of a terrible accident, to counteract. What bundle of sighs and sympathy these bits of femininity are.

The Glasgow Mail tells a good story of a rustic who lately entered the shop of a well known news vendor in Kilmarnock, and asked for a penny paper. After perusing it for some time, he handed it back, remarking, "Well, that's a penny paper; really I donna think it's any better than the fourpence half penny ones atter a."

### Bearing Boys.

We submit the following, in four chapters, as it has such a capital application, and may be read with profit by many:

#### CHAPTER I.

"What! stay at home for that aqualing young one! Catch me to!" And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air, sauntered out on a promenade. One and another bowed and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant, and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well-known firm.

"Ah! out again, Deliah," he said earnestly. "Where is Charlie?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him," she returned.

The young man's face grew cloudy.—"No," he returned with a half sigh, "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh! well, I can," she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband at work and fitted on.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions? make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to? Oh, no; can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don't believe in fussing over children; let them find out things as they grow up."

"There's the danger," replied the old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had been bent over all day; "they'll find out things that ruin them unless the mother be constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge."

"Oh, you want to make him a piece of perfection like his father; well, I can't say I do.—I don't like those faultless men. See—now isn't the contrast beautiful! Come, here, Charlie lovely; he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city."

#### CHAPTER III.

"A cigar! bless me, what a boy, and only twelve years! Are you sure you saw him smoke it? Well, I dare say it made him sick enough; boys will be boys, you know."

"Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge!" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me? why, what a fret you are in; do let the child see something of the world."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"In jail! my God! husband—our boy!"

"Yes, in jail, for stealing!"

"Not our boy, not our Charley! no, it cannot be! Let me die—kill me—but don't tell me, our Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State prison, and the mother may yet be carried to the lunatic asylum.

### Kissing.

A young lady at Alton, Illinois, gives the following as her sentiments on kissing.

Having seen a great deal about kissing in the papers, I deem that seemingly important subject of as much consequence to us as to the opposite sex. Now, in my humble opinion, I think you have said quite enough, and it is high time for somebody else to talk. You don't like this way nor the other way—suppose you give it up entirely.

Speaking of proposed kisses, they are not liked at all. I have made it my business to inquire among my numerous friends, and they agree with me, that a stolen kiss is the most agreeable to them; that is, considering the one who steals it; for they certainly are not all the most delightful. If you had a mirror to reflect your own image, during the operation, I think you would never find fault again. Talk of shyness and struggling; no wonder, when such disgusting bipeds approach, it is miraculous that ladies do not fall into convulsions. I do not speak altogether from experience but from what I have heard others say. I myself have not been kissed more than two or three times, but as I am young and handsome, I expect to receive many more. One of these was administered in first rate style, a kiss to perfection.

A clean mouth and handsome teeth are indispensable requisites, and they are seldom to be found. There is but one gentleman in Alton, to my knowledge, who possesses these valuables. Now let your curiosity ransack your memory to discover who the favored one is. Most of you would contaminate the cheek or brow of the lady, (her lips you have nothing to do with,) with the odious incense of champagne, tobacco, or seeds, which are worse than all, even though they do conceal the perfume of the two first mentioned; for certainly that is what they are eaten for. I suppose gentlemen think we are entirely innocent of their use, but we all know very well.

### Mrs. Strongham's Churn.

Speaking of churns, a contemporary says he has never seen any other labor saving contrivance in that department that for practical convenience and utility could compare with that of Mrs. Strongham, a notable English housewife, whose acquaintance he had the pleasure of making in one of the rural districts of N. York some years since. Having occasion to call on her one summer morning, he found her occupying her huge chintz covered rocking chair, rocking and knitting as though the salvation of the family depended upon the assiduity with which she applied herself to these occupations. Not that she was unconvivial or unsociable by any means, for the moment he had taken the proffered chair she set in with a steady stream of talk that was as instructive as entertaining, for besides her admirable qualities as housewife the lady possessed rare conversational powers.

During our call she directed one of her daughters to some duty in a distant part of the house, adding, "I would attend to it myself, but I must fetch this butter." Now he had known something of the process of 'fetching butter,' in his early days, and the idea of a snow white churn and an irksome expenditure of elbow grease was as naturally associated with it in our mind, as was the compensatory slice of new bread and butter after the achievement of the victory. We therefore cast our eyes about us involuntarily for these indications, but we looked in vain. Of either churn or churning there was no more appearance than might have been seen in Queen Victoria's drawing room any day in the week. Our curiosity was excited, and we resolved to keep our eyes open, satisfied that if we did "we should see what we should see." And we did. During a momentary pause in the conversation the lady rose from the chair, removed the cushion, raised a sort of trap door underneath, and looked into the apparent vacuum with an earnestly inquiring eye. The secret was out. Under the seat in her rocking chair was a box in which she deposited the jar of cream, and the agitation produced by the vibratory motion of the chair converted the liquid into butter.

By this arrangement the lady was enabled to kill, not two only, but four birds with one stone. She could churn, knit, take her ease in her rocking chair, and entertain her morning guests at the same time. And such butter as she made!—Yellow as gold, sweet as the meat of the cocoa nut, and as hard, too, it always brought the highest price in the rural market. You may brag of your patent churns if you will, but for novelty, economy, convenience and immaculate butter we defy them, one and all, when brought into competition with Mrs. Strongham's incomparable contrivance. Of her butter we shall retain a lively and grateful remembrance to our dying day; her churn we shall never forget either.

### Work.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so bonighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, even so mammothish or mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth; to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself at work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie belching the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man; but he binds himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—[Carlyle.]

### Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told all the whole, vast depths of a woman's love—of her happiness when with her husband—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence; every few minutes running to the door to see if he were in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "not yet—not yet!"

"Don't stay long, husband!" And again I thought I could see the young wife, rocking herself nervously in the great arm-chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his way to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives that say, "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy.

for they are gone too seldom found; and when lost too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and the young wife's look seemed to say, "for here, in your own sweet home, is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsolaced by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Think of it, men, when your wives say to you "don't stay long,"—and, oh don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for, though they may be to you, the disappointment or the fulfillment of their simple, loving wish, brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare, bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts will be a sweet reward.

### Domestic Happiness.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joys of home. See the traveler—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished and his face turned toward home: it communicates with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." Of the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of a renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science; he drops the laborious and painful research, closes the volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversion of his children.

Take the man of trade; what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by, in the season of intercourse, he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he toils his life; and in their welfare and smiles he will find recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer; he has borne the burden and heat of the day, the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy his repose. Half way down the lane by the side of which stands his cottage his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness.—His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden, enters again and requires to rest; and "the rest of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of the lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace to thy house.—William Jay.

### Decline of Authority.

The parent of to day is an extremely mitigated form of the parent of fifty years ago. He has, no doubt, the same fondness for his child, but he is no longer capable of enforcing the discipline which the child's social destiny exacts. The parent of to day coaxes where the other was content to command; and the child, consequently, instead of growing up with a back bone—instead of preserving some vestige of the wholesome rudeness and simplicity of Nature, too often finds himself in the very crisis of life dyspeptic, enervated, and inclined to dissipation.—The conjugal relation attests the same fact. The husband of to day is not the husband his grandfather was before him. His grandmother had a certain awful reverence for that sublime and stately functionary. But what wife to day has any awe for her husband? "Catch her," indeed! Woman's rights are extremely well understood, even where they have not consented as yet to the foolish symbolism of dress. In the public sphere the same signs are visible. No one any longer reverences the Governor, and no one goes to see the President except with the patriotic intention of getting office. Time was when little boys would cease from mumble the peg, and reverently step off the side walk, when old Dr. Rogers or the great Dr. Mason passed, feeling that there was an inconceivable amount of sanctity looked away in those sable shrines, but Dr. Spring or Bishop Potter might travel the town to day, his countenance perfectly radiant with Shakespeare, Milton and Hooker, and find no urchin so humble as to do him reverence.

A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER happening to be reading of a curious skin of an elephant.—Did you ever see an elephant's skin," he asked. "I have!" shouted a little "six-year-old" at the foot of the class. "Where?" he asked quite amazed at the boy's earnestness. "On the elephant," said he, with a most provoking grin.